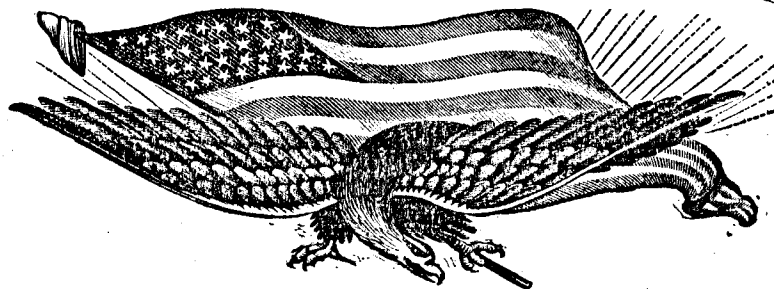


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THE National Deaf Mute Gazette

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DEAF MUTES IN THE CONFEDERACY.

NUMBER V.

Wofully deficient as Mr. Gerrard's education was, owing not only to his short stay at school, but also to the roving life he had been leading, his memory was both remarkable and wonderful: he never forgot a thing that he had seen; he could describe any street in a city or town with surprising correctness. He was, moreover, a man of observation, unlike other wandering mutes: nothing could escape his keen eye. And still more, he understood thoroughly the art of ingratiating himself in the favor of any stranger, and, on this account, scarcely ever failed to obtain a situation as harness-maker, although constantly going from place to place. As he was clear, regular, and to the point in conversation, with his gifted, though neglected, mind richly stored with anecdotes, he was an interesting man. He was no egotist or braggart; so far as the writer remembers, he never made a repetition: Any one repeating a thing to him would bother him.

To his superiors, he was courteous and dignified; to his equals, he was kind and generous; but to all that he thought inferior, he was somewhat haughty. As to his qualifications, he was probably the best buggy harness-maker and coach-trimmer in Richmond during the war, and could easily have made a competency, but he did not know how to lay up money.

In the course of a few weeks, he was promoted to the office of foreman; all that he was expected or requested to do, was to cut out leather for others to awl and sew; to see that they were at their respective posts, and to examine work when done. Many an evening, when the shop was closed, Mr. Gerrard would, after supper at a boarding house, come up to the writer's room (No. 20) in the "Law Building" on Franklin St. (It escaped being burned, despite its close proximity to the buildings on the other side of the street which were destroyed by the Great Conflagration.) In this loved retreat, quiet, necessary to a mechanic after a long day's work, reigned, whereas at the boarding house there was perpetual noise.

In Room No. 20 Mr. Gerrard could rest, take a nap on a little couch, read, talk or play, as he pleased: there were latest newspapers on the 155 year old card table; there was a pack of cards on the mantel—(Is card playing a crime?); there was a library in a corner. Was there any other thing? yea, there was a wash-stand with all things necessary on it, at another corner. Any thing else? Aye, there was a broad bed which never felt so comfortably before: on it the writer, with his head on a feather case, often mused on the war, the terrible blockade and the famine prices. Any thing else? Ay, there was, but, Fair Reader, pray thee don't think your correspondent silly, a mirror one quarter of which was broken, with an almost worn out hair-brush and a beef-bone comb below on the bureau; but, Good Reader, don't think he was fond of looking at the mirror, like Beau Brummel. Still any thing else? Oh! yes, there were other things too numerous to be mentioned. One of these must, however, be mentioned for the information of the softer sex. It was a beautiful bouquet on the mantel, given by a blooming damsel. Now to the parlor at the boarding house: see what was there. There was nothing to gladden the eye, save an old Bible given by a Tract Society — The book, how valuable and instructive soever, had long been in disuse, and was consequently covered with dust: at the same time were seen several things, revolting to the eyes of people of a better class, viz: numerous stumps of cigars, monstrous ends of tobacco in a great box filled with saw-dust

to absorb tobacco juice, and a long old sofa with but two legs. Fair Reader, Attention! Don't sit on any seat so weak. The sofa more than once gave a couple of lovers the blues and sent them forth with bad feelings towards each other. A boarder, wishing to show his fellow boarders, who were mechanics like himself, his sweetheart, a beauty in his eye, blinded by his exceeding love for her, but who was, in fact, totally destitute of charms, first went to a barber's to have his hair dressed according to his fancy, and then, with shining hair and a Napoleonic mustache, proceeded proudly toward the idol of his heart. To be brief, the lass consented, to his great delight, to return with him. She was absorbed in hoops so large in circumference that he would, but for his blind idolatry, have found it inconvenient to walk arm in arm. She savored strongly of "bear's grease"; she was so fat that she had to walk slowly for fear she might perspire and damage her silk. At last, after a fatiguing journey, to her, they arrived at the gate: her suitor, proud as a turkey gobbler, rolled his eyes up at the inmates on the porch and escorted his adored lass up to the parlor, through the wondering crowd. The lass, seeing the sofa, unconscious of its having only two legs, sat down on it. It instantly gave way and she rolled to the floor, greatly to her mortification and discomfiture. Every thing now changed as if by magic: the lass was enraged; her suitor, hitherto hopeful and happy, was dismayed and sorrowful. She rose instantly and strode out with her face red with wrath at the trick which, as she persisted in believing, had been intentionally played upon her, and when she reached the porch she heaped execrations on the unlucky beau, to the astonishment of the people, and finally disappeared.

A splendid card player, Mr. Gerrard, when released from his drudgery at the shop, as the sun went down, would devote his mind to the cards, if there was no one present for him to talk about his travels to: the writer would read the latest newspaper, containing glowing accounts of a skirmish or battle, in preference to gazing at the perpetual motions of his arms. A box of Virginia weed, by the bouquet on the mantel, completed the comfortable appearance of the room. Frequently, Lieut. T., a nephew of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, and a gallant officer in the C. S. A. and Capt. A. of Missouri came up to take a game of Euchre. They would no sooner fling open the door than they would point to the cards. Seated around the venerable table, they all tried their skill at beating each other, and thus they would be employed until some one nodded over his cards, when he would throw them down, — a hint at retiring. If it was Mr. Gerrard, he would throw himself on the couch to sleep. Lieut. T., a mischief-loving fellow, on one occasion rolled him over to the floor, startling him and causing him to rub his red and half-opened eyes. Next evening, before they came up, Mr. Gerrard, to retaliate on the Lieut., took out some of the tobacco and mixed the remainder in the box with gun-powder. The Lieut., an inveterate consumer of tobacco, filled his highly-prized meerschaum with the mixture: on lighting it, there was an explosion, to his great consternation, but he quickly recovered his self-composure and correctly guessed who played the trick on him. They were great friends, knowing that they were both fond of jokes.

Card playing and dancing are the most innocent amusements in the world. [We cannot agree with our correspondent on this point. Ed.] Mr. Gerrard and the writer were invited to many a card or dancing party; whereas, the other mutes, who did not know how to do either, were not, and they staid at home sighing and regretting their ignorance. To the sound of music, amid bright butterflies savoring of sweet perfumery, who flew rapidly through the mazes of a graceful dance, the mutes would move with their blooming partners. Now

they would forget all the world, their whole minds being absorbed in the dance. The hospitable host would not allow them to break up till sunrise.

One evening Mr. Gerrard came up with a youthful mute named Judge Marshall Turner. (Educated at the Va. Inst'n.) He lives in that section of Hanover through which McClellan marched his army toward Richmond. He related many anecdotes &c. He was one of the few natives who remained at home during the invasion; he witnessed the great march, which lasted several days, and in a word, he saw many stirring scenes. A squad of U.S. Cavalry came to his father's, probably with a view to robbery, but on finding one of the children a mute, they did nothing serious. One of them came forward and, by familiar signs, told the "Judge" that he was a mute like himself; he was from Ohio and had been educated at the Ohio Inst'n; now they were in great haste and must return to head-quarters, but he would pay the astonished Virginian mute a long visit, when McClellan should have taken Richmond, which, he assured him, would be an accomplished fact in a few days. But he never paid the promised visit. Probably he was killed. Who was he? [Deaf-mutes were plentiful, in various subordinate capacities, in the army during the war and partook in many of the battles, but we have no information of any one of them having been killed. Ed.]

As the Judge's feelings were congenial to Mr. Gerrard's, the latter took a fancy to him and insisted on his coming up to Room 20 every evening during his sojourn in the city. One evening Mr. Gerrard was in first-rate humor and told numerous stories to the intelligent visitor. One of these is worth a place in this article. It is an amusing little story though somewhat incredible.

One first of April, a rustic farmer, whilst walking toward the market, where his well loaded wagon awaited him, dropped his massive pocket-book; the pocket-book was at once surrounded by a crowd of fun-loving urchins anxiously watching for some one to pick it up. Passers by stooped to examine it, but were deterred from picking it up by the uproarious laughter of the boys and the shouts of "Fool's Day", which invariably greeted them. The farmer, discovering his loss, went back in search of his treasure, and to his surprise; found it on the pavement surrounded by the boys; he took it up, undisturbed by the shouts of "Fool's Day", and counting over the pile of Confederate notes, pronounced all was right and said he had no idea how honest the people of Richmond were. He thanked the urchins for having watched his money and took his departure with a light heart, leaving them to cast wondering glances at each other.

One beautiful summer day, Mr. Gerrard and your correspondent took a promenade on the Capitol Square. This place was a favorite resort of people when released from their drudgery at evening and of convalescents from hospitals. Ladies, to be sure, were there too. Without these admirable creatures, the square would have been dismal. If a lady happened to pass by, Mr. Gerrard would twirl his mustache and touch his hat, which gallantry he thought she would admire. But he was mistaken. Any lady would resent such familiarity from a stranger. After some time, a promenader approached with his hands in his coat pockets. He was a small man, with red hair and a slight mustache, and limped slightly in walking. Now and then he stopped to stare at the mutes, who did not mind his curiosity. They, when tired of walking, went back to Room 20, followed by that "impertinent fellow," as Mr. Gerrard termed him. Soon he made his appearance, and told them that he was a mute by the name of T., formerly of Ohio, but now of Mobile, Ala. He was shabbily attired, one of his shoes being long and the other short,—no wonder—for Confederates, with few exceptions, were hard run on

account of the effective blockade. Things could not be had except at fabulous prices. For instance, a pair of common shoes cost \$ 100, or \$ 125!

Some evenings thence Mr. T. came up with Mr. Gerrard. The latter managed so as to get behind him to tell the writer, "I don't like him; he is full of airs." Mr. T. turned his head and asked him what he was saying. Mr. Gerrard answered that he only told the writer something that he did not want any other person to know. Mr. T. was not satisfied with this brief explanation, suspecting Mr. G. had been speaking of himself.

"Mr. T. and Mr. Gerrard; take your seats. Let us have a social chat, or, if you prefer, a game of Euchre," said the writer.

"I don't know how to play cards, but if I obtain a situation in this city, where I am anxious to live, I hope you will be willing to teach me," said Mr. T., evidently mortified. Mr. Gerrard sneered at his ignorance.

"My teacher, Mr. Spofford, at Columbus, Ohio, said I was the best pupil he ever taught; I am one of the best engravers; I have a great many friends in Mobile, Ala., who move in the highest circles," said Mr. T.

Mr. Gerrard, now disgusted with Mr. T.'s egotism, said to him, "Now I see that you are a braggart. I am sorry you are. I never have a good opinion of any one who puts on such airs. I would advise you to stop thinking or saying so much about yourself, and —". He was interrupted by Mr. T., who rose from his chair, with a heart full of indignation, and said, "You gave me an insult, I resent it."

"No, I did not. I gave you advice for your own good; but since you are passionate like a little child, I'll not speak to you again. No, never!" said Mr. Gerrard, whose eyes sparkled and whose cheeks, though almost hidden by a heavy beard, glowed.

"You, Mr. Gerrard, lie. I told you what Mr. Spofford said about myself. Now, I demand an apology for the insult you intentionally gave me."

"No, I'll not apologize to you, because I did not insult you; I must give you a piece of my mind, you are a liar: I don't believe your teacher ever said so."

"You are a liar, rascal, coward and scoundrel," retorted Mr. T., whose rage knew no bounds, and who was now advancing toward him.

"Say what you will. You are a great liar, and a great braggart. I always hold all persons like you in contempt. But I will give you a wholesome lesson; you will behave better in future." And Mr. Gerrard gave Mr. T. a heavy blow with his fist in one of his eyes. Now they were parted and told to leave the room at once by the writer.

"But I hope you will not let that insolent fellow darken your room again," said Mr. Gerrard to the writer.

"You both please depart in peace. I hope you will be good friends tomorrow. You apologize to each other for showing your tempers. Until you are friends, as I request you to be, you need not expect to be welcome to my room," said the writer, who felt a great compassion for Mr. T., as he was weak and lame. So they went out, tho' reluctantly, with bitter feelings toward each other, like two dogs whose tails were tied together. Next morning Mr. T. displayed a black eye, such as would have astonished an optician.

Dr. Harvey P. Pect, LL. D., Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, commenting upon remarks regarding the deaf and dumb, made in the last report of the Board of State Charities of Massachusetts, thinks they "are widely at variance both with scientific probability and with known facts."

A case of breach of promise between two deaf-mutes is on the docket of the Superior Court in Franklin County, Mass.

FATE OF AN IMPOSTOR. *For the Gazette.*

Of the various devices resorted to by individuals who are too lazy to work for an honest livelihood, whereby to humbug the generous public into giving them "aid and comfort," the pretense of being deaf and dumb is one of the most common.

Furnished with slate and pencil and the proper 'password' or sign-manual, which consists simply in laying the forefinger upon the ear and mouth, the dainty-fingered gentleman of leisure sallies forth upon a begging tour; sure of reaping a plentiful harvest of greenbacks, fractionals and nickels.

For real deaf-mutes to solicit alms, under any circumstances, is bad enough; but for such miserable creatures as have the full benefit of all their faculties thus to impose upon public sympathy and liberality, is the essence of meanness. The hand of retributive justice, albeit often slow, is ultimately sure to fall with crushing force upon their guilty heads.

A very remarkable instance of the kind occurred some twenty years ago, the circumstances being about as follows: Two young men, elegantly dressed, of handsome physique and polished manners, passing under the name of Belmont, were on their travels out West. To create a sensation and attract notice, they announced themselves as deaf-mute brothers, following the profession of teaching penmanship. Being really expert and graceful penmen, classes were readily obtained, and affairs went on swimmingly. In the course of their journeyings they halted for several months at Shelbyville, Ky., where they plied their vocation with great credit, and pecuniary profit. Some of their pupils were beautiful young ladies; and as all beautiful ladies admire handsome men, of course many a complimentary or sympathetic remark found its way from the pretty mouths of the fair pupils into the wide-open ears of the *deaf* teachers! After leaving Shelbyville they turned up at Frankfort, Ky., where the writer of this came in contact with them. Having noticed unobserved by them, that they employed the usual finger language in their intercourse, an introduction was sought and obtained through the hotel clerk. Imagine my surprise and amusement when they gravely assured me that they "did n't understand our language;" were "educated in Spain," and that their Spanish manipulating was "above the comprehension of American mutes; in proof of which some outlandish hieroglyphic gestures were made at each other, whereupon they strolled off with the air of hidalgos. Suddenly recollecting that urgent business demanded their presence elsewhere; they beat a hasty retreat from the hotel and city. Their next field of operations was New Albany, Ind., where one of them, in an unguarded moment, forgetting his role, engaged in a *viva voce* conversation with a citizen, who detected and exposed the imposition. A "change of base" became an imperative necessity.

Of their subsequent career I am unadvised. They doubtless found it prudent to suspend operations in that line; in fact, but a few months had elapsed when the newspapers chronicled the finding of the body of one of them dangling from the limb of a tree, down in the State of Georgia, dead as Julius Caesar, "or any other man." Louisville, Ky. J. G. G.

ADDITIONAL INSTITUTIONS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB IN AMERICA.—We omitted two well-known institutions in the May issue. As we wrote mostly from memory, not having a regular list at hand for reference, we judged probably that we had left out more or less. Californian Institution, San Francisco, Cal., W. W. Wilkinson, A. B. Minnesota Institution, Faribault, Minn., J. L. Noyes.

[We beg pardon for omitting you, friend Noyes; hope you won't think it a verification of the proverb, "out of sight, out of mind."] Texas Institution, Austin, Texas, Prof. Jacob Van Nostrand.

Correction.—The principal of the Iowa Institution is Rev. Benj. Talbot, not Rev. W. E. Ijams; the latter having resigned some four years ago.

ABOUT 500 FACTS ABOUT THE DEAF AND DUMB, CONTINUED.

XLIX. A SILENT WEDDING.

Ten years since, there was a marriage at Lexington, Ky., in which the bride, bridegroom, their assistants, and the officiating clergyman were all deaf and dumb. Some thirty or forty deaf and dumb persons were present. The ceremony was conducted in the sign language.

L. THE SPLENDID GOLD WATCH.

A short time since, a man about 50 years old, while under the influence of liquor, fell into a pond, some miles from Richmond, Va., and would have been drowned but for a noble-hearted deaf mute named Cheatham who rescued him from a watery grave. The man presented him with a splendid gold watch as a token of his appreciation of the great kindness with which he was saved from drowning.

LI. A DEAF MUTE SNAKE TAMER.

In 1856, a young deaf and dumb man amused the passengers on a railroad train in Ohio, by exhibiting his traveling companion and pet, a live rattlesnake, which was 18 years old, and he seemed delighted to receive its embrace by permitting it to coil around his neck. It seemed to be completely under his control, and would permit him to open its mouth to show its poisonous fangs, after which he placed it in his tin box without the least fear. It had 12 rattles and was about three feet in length.

LII. BAPTISMAL SCENE.

In 1856 a deaf and dumb man was baptised at the Baptist church, Lynchburg, Va., by Rev. Thomas Hume, of Norfolk, Va., who did nobly there during the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1855. The deaf mute's experience on the previous night had been most satisfactory. The writer, for many years a Baptist, was present. The house was densely crowded. Before the candidate was baptised, the writer, by signs, described the baptism of the Saviour, and a few closing remarks were made by Dr. Howell, of Nashville, Tenn.

LIII. KILLED BY A FALLING TREE.

Some time since an intelligent deaf and dumb girl, living in Western Virginia, was washing potatoes for dinner at a spring at the foot of a large tree within a stone's throw of her parent's house, when the tree fell upon her, killing her, perhaps, instantly. Her mother, finding her missing, looked for her and found her dead under the trunk of the tree, which distressed her very much.

LIV. A WOMAN MADE TO TALK.

A lady, living in Indiana, while attending a camp-meeting in the vicinity of her house, at the age of fifteen years, and in the act of prayer, went into a trance, in which condition she remained for about eleven days, at the expiration of which time she was attacked with a fever, and for twenty-five years she could convey her thoughts only by manipulation, having not uttered a word during the time. A gentleman called on her and told her that a soldier who had lost his speech under the excitement of a great battle, and whose case had baffled the skill of the expert doctors of the army, was made to talk by imbibing freely of ardent spirits. Then he got the consent of the lady to follow his example by trying the experiment. Having procured a pint of best liquor, she began to drink it and became drunk, in which state she remained for two hours, after which time she began to become sober, and, to the astonishment of all present, she began to talk, at first slowly, but afterwards with as much ease as if the gift had never departed, and continued to converse as glibly as if she was an adept in the matter up to time when her case was published.

LV. KILLED BY A BRANCH.

Not long ago an uneducated deaf mute man was ploughing for corn under a tree, when a large branch fell from it on his head, killing him instantly. The plough staid in the ground with the horse standing until his body was found and decently committed to the dust in Western Virginia.

LVI. MURDER AND SUICIDE.

In 1859 the wife of a wealthy farmer living in Ohio, hung her daughter, a deaf and dumb girl about twelve years old, and afterwards hung herself.

LVII. A DEAF AND DUMB OPERATOR READING BY SOUND.

Two years since there was a gentleman in the American Telegraph office in Washington city, who, though he could not speak or hear, was considered as a first-class operator, dealing with sound! He could send and receive dispatches intelligently, and without difficulty by the sense of feeling. He placed his leg against that of the instrument table, and in other ways, read by the slight jarring, while watching the operation of the instrument itself.

LVIII. WONDERFUL MIRACLE!

Last year a man, living in Dartmouth, said he was deaf and dumb, and three advent clergymen whose names I had better withhold, anointed him with oil and prayed over him, as the New Testament directs, and he was restored to hearing and speech!

LIX. HINDOO SUPERSTITION.

After a person has left home—his house, should he meet a single Brahmin, or a woman who has had her head shaved, or a deaf-mute, Blind-man, or a washerman, or a barber, the object for which he left would not succeed.

LX. A DEAF-MUTE CARPET WEAVER.

A Baptist missionary, having returned from China, told me that he had been to a carpet factory, where he saw a deaf-mute Chinese weaving a beautiful carpet with the skill of the best weaver in that country.

LXI. A TEA PARTY.

A recent London tea-party was composed of sixty blind persons, thirty-one deaf and dumb, and twenty two orphans.

LXII. M. THIERS USING SIGNS.

About seventeen years ago. M Thiers was confined to his chamber with a malady in his tongue. He was unable to speak and was obliged to use signs for communication.

LXIII. ETERNITY.

Some deaf and dumb children were asked the meaning of eternity. One wrote on his slate: "It is the life-time of the Almighty," and another only made a circle. These are beautiful thoughts. God's life-time is eternity because it is without beginning or end. Just try to think, deaf-mute readers, of duration that had no beginning, and never will have an end; it made me serious when a pupil at the American Asylum, and now that I am getting older, I feel solemn as I think of it.

LXIV. INDIAN SIGNS.

In 1851 General Castillo and some officers came to visit a fort in the valley of the Amazon river, and wished to try their skill at negotiation; accordingly, while they were at dinner, the sentinel reported that an Indian had made his appearance, whereupon the party rose from the table and went down to the riverside to have a talk. The Indian, after salutations, made signs for a looking glass, which was thrown over to him; then for a knife, with which he was also gratified; he then asked for a tinder-box, there being none at hand, Nole went up to his quarters for one. On his return, he met an officer coming up the bank with an arrow through his arm; and shortly after, another, with one planted deep in his back, between the shoulders. It appears

that as soon as the Indian had received his presents, he drew his bow at the General, the party turned to fly; but a flight of arrows from the fort wounded the two officers; and the one who was shot in the back, died of the wound eight days afterwards.

LXV. WHAT IS PRAYER.

A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on the slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took her pencil and wrote in reply, "Prayer is a wish of the heart."

LXVI. DR. GALLAUDET AND THE ANGEL.

In 1838 Dr. Gallaudet, the first principal of the Am. Asylum told me, with a smile on his face, that he had, a few days before, been to see a sick gentleman according to his request, who told him that he could see the angels making signs like the deaf-mutes. He died in Hartford shortly after.

LXVII. DR. GALLAUDET AND GEO. H. LORING.

George H. Loring, some years ago a well-known Boston deaf-mute, now deceased, sent Dr. Gallaudet a box of large raisins with \$30 or \$40 in gold in it. Dr. G. received the box with great pleasure, not knowing that there was any money in it, but was much surprised to find it when he had opened it.

LXVIII. BECAME CRAZY.

An educated deaf-mute named Mr. Lewis was reading at home, near Thomas Jefferson's old residence, when a large beam fell upon his head, hurting him so much, that he became sick and unfortunately lost his mind and became blind. He has been an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum in Staunton, Va., for about twenty years past. He was educated at the Pennsylvania Institution. His sister was also deaf-mute. She was married and moved to Missouri, in which State she died about two years afterwards.

AN INGENIOUS DODGE.

For the Gazette

While at Paris, I obtained from my mute friends the following story, the truth of which has since been corroborated by Mr. Clere. Its hero, whose name has escaped from my memory, was a deaf-mute, educated at the Paris Institution under Sicard. He died about one year previous to my arrival there (in 1838.)

It is necessary first to say that he was of a character remarkably eccentric; he was, for many years, well known throughout that gay city as a facetious dealer in molasses or honey bread on a hand-barrow; inasmuch that the proprietor of a certain museum of wax figures—all of distinguished personages—secured an accurate cast of his face and form after his death, and exhibited the statue, clad in the identical suit of dress which he used to wear in his latter years. He was indeed a bigoted worshipper of Napoleon I: never a more staunch admirer of the great Emperor's soaring genius could be found than this humble mute dealer in honey bread. So it was his wont, while wending his accustomed course along the Boulevards with his barrow, to keep near him a very little statue in bronze of his beloved "Empereur," that he might occasionally take pleasure in gazing at it or showing it in his left hand to the admiring passers-by. When he was in the latter action, he always endeavoured to express, in impressive signs with his right hand, his cherished thought, that Napoleon was a great man. Such was his love for his idol in flesh, that he sometimes dressed *a la Napoleon*, much to the delight of the ragged boys of Paris.

Now to the story. During the memorable year of the Lord, 1815, on the occasion of the second restoration of King Louis XVIII to his ancestral throne, after the final exile of Napoleon to St. Helena, wherein to pass the remainder of his chequered existence. That occasion of the king's reaccession to power had given many causes to be-

stir the popular discords of a people, accustomed to such times as had passed from the bloody revolution to the restoration of the Bourbons. That inoffensive king, for his vile servility to the Allied Powers, in particular England, was held up by the French in the greatest possible contempt and disgust; inasmuch, that it was found, on the part of the Government, indispensably necessary to impose the most severe laws upon the sullen people, and to set, by secret agents of police, a jealous eye upon their actions.

Our mute dealer was one day, in that year, complaining bitterly to several loungers of the ignominious banishment of his Emperor, and of the lamentable state of business. As he happened to look at the distant palace, he, after having pointed thereto, made his auditors to understand what he wished to impart in natural signs—by swelling his cheeks and making his open hands descend in a semi-circular line in the air from his throat to the base of his stomach,—signifying the word, *Fat*, and thus applied it to the king who was a remarkably *fat* man; and then he drew his right forefinger across his throat from the left ear to the right,—thus signifying "to behead." By those significant gestures he was understood to imply that the *fat* king ought to be *guillotined*. A general laugh followed this sally; but imagine their surprise and the mute's consternation when one in the crowd tapped his shoulder and exposed to his eyes a badge of office which implied the fact that its holder was—a secret agent of police! And the unfortunate mute was accordingly brought to a police commissary [a sort of Justice of Peace] and was accused by the agent, corroborated by the eyewitnesses, of *High Treason* against the life of Louis XVIII!

But the functionary, finding the prisoner was a mute and no great scholar, was obliged to send for one of the hearing teachers at the Institute to serve as an interpreter between him and the accused. The mute, was summoned to give his reasons for the treasonable expression which might either bring him up to the guillotine or to imprisonment for life. He glanced knowingly at his accuser, shrugged his shoulders, and answered that the expression referred to was not "the fat king ought to be guillotined," but was as follows: by swelling his cheeks he meant to say, "eating voraciously;" by making his hands descend from the throat to the stomach it was meant to signify, "the stomach is swollen," and, by the drawing of the forefinger across the throat, "the stomach filled up to the throat," thus summing the whole in this sentiment, "The king eats much and therefore is fat"! So he was by his ingenious dodge discharged in the midst of the rolling thunders of laughter.

RAFAEL PALETTE.

ELOQUENCE OF THE HANDS.

"The hands are, by the very instincts of humanity, raised in prayer, clasped in affection; wrung in despair; pressed on the forehead when the soul is "perplexed in the extreme;" draw inward to invite; thrust forth objectionately to repel; the fingers point to indicate; and are snapped in disdain; the palm is laid upon the heart, in invocation of subdued feeling; and on the brow of the compassionate in benediction. The expressive capacity of the hands was never more strikingly displayed than in the orisons of the deaf and dumb. Their teacher stood with closed eyes and addressed the Deity by those signs made with the fingers, which constitute a language made for the speechless. Around him were grouped more than a hundred mutes, who followed with reverent glances every motion. It was a visible, but not an audible worship."

Mr. Jacob W. W. Powell, a graduate of the Ohio Inst. has opened a harness shop in Findley, Ohio, and is reported to be doing a good business in the horse furnishing line.

THE DUMB PAINTER OF LOGRONO.

The warm, glowing afternoon of a Spanish day was waning in its sunset, and the dimness of the room where Maraquita was sitting was lighted up by little flocks of western rays that came through the lattices and played upon her white dress and the cool white of the marble floor. She was sitting upon a couch of light construction, the whole being twisted from canes; while her small feet, with their delicate silken slippers, were resting on another couch of the same material. Around her swept the waves of her long black hair, which she was coiling and uncoiling alternately; now gathering the heavy masses into one or two long, rich braids, and then flinging down the wreath of tresses, until they covered her like a bridal veil.

The poor little Spanish maiden was evidently ill at ease. The elastic lounge on which her slender figure was supported, swayed and bent with her nervous movements; and the pet dog that lay beside her, vainly trying to lick her hand, seemed astonished that it would not lie still long enough for the operation.

"What can I do?" she said, addressing the dog. "I am a silly little maiden, and I dread to have it found out that I am so. Here are my good father and mother, in whose eyes I have been all perfection, and who thought that even this grandiose Don Carlos was not more than half good enough for me, will now believe that the spirit of evil has taken me. Max, you are a good dog, but I don't believe you have wit enough to get poor Maraquita de Mona out of this difficulty."

Max laid his paw upon her arm, closed and unclosed his eyes, and looked as wise as some others might, when expecting a tale of confidence from a young damsel; but Maraquita's playful mood had passed, and she rose and paced the room with restless steps.

By this time the sun had sunk out of sight, and the voice of Don Albert de Mona, calling to his daughter to be ready for a drive on the Plaza, was heard, as he ascended the stairs and knocked at the door.

"Not to-night, father," she replied; "I am ill. My head aches terribly. Pray excuse me! I will remain here quietly until you and my mother return."

"Well, the afternoon has been sultry," said her father. "Lie down and rest while we are absent. Shall I call your maid?"

"No, father," she replied, "I do not need her. I shall be better alone."

Better alone! Ah, Donna Maraquita! thy poor father is deceived, but thou canst not hide it from thyself that it is only to see the handsome painter of Logrono, that thou sittest braiding thy beautiful hair—only to watch him, as he comes down the street in the twilight, and as he looks up with eager glance at the lattice, to throw a moss rose-bud at his feet. Thou knowest, too, that at that token he will venture to enter thy presence, and that his lips will greet thee as the one dearest to his heart. Not with words will be that greeting, but with another language, always understood—the language of kisses. No, not with words—for the painter, Navarrete, is both deaf and dumb? But there is no need of words for lovers. And so it was with these two lovers; they met and parted, with only the soul's telegraphical signals, and they needed no echo from the lips.

Donna Maraquita had been invited by a friend, some months before, to visit the studio of Juan Fernandez Ximenes Navarrete, to see a beautiful painting of the Virgin which he had recently executed. This young painter, who was called El Mudo, from his misfortune, was rapidly gaining fame; and this very painting was the great stepping-stone to public favor. The excitable Spaniards warmed with enthusiasm at the beauty of the head, which was said to have been copied from that of the artist's mother, Donna Catalina Ximenes.

Among the many who visited the studio, were Don Albert and his daughter. The beauty of the painting, the filial, admiring reverence of the artist in taking his mother's head as a model, the "silent world" in which he lived! all wrought upon the susceptible imagination of the young girl, and from thenceforward, El Mudo was associated in all her dreams.

On his part, the painter had seen a vision of beauty such as he thought he had never before beheld; and yet it must have been only the sympathetic and cordial manner of Donna Maraquita that induced the thought—for although she was indeed noble-looking, and with a grace blended with dignity, yet so were many others.

Again and again she came, sometimes accompanied by her father,

but oftener alone; and at last the painter was delighted to find that she could converse freely with him in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

With what joy he now related to her his whole life—its mournful childhood and youth, when no sound of bird or breeze or human voice could reach his ear; and how he used to go wandering for whole days through picture galleries, until the idea seized upon him that he too must paint; and how that, ever since that hour, he had lived in a higher and more exalted sphere, and was no longer the lonely man, apart from his fellow-creatures, but that his art was the one grand link that bound him and them together.

And what more did Fernandez impart? He told her, too, that the moment he saw her, he felt that she was to be the connecting one between him and happiness. "And yet how—oh, how can I take you from the living speaking music of the world, and bind you to the speechless silence that ever surrounds me?"

Her trembling fingers telegraphed to his mind that she sought no higher destiny. It was enough for the affectionate girl, that he loved her. She would give worlds that his lips could speak; but her love could never be lessened because they were silent.

How to break the tidings to her parents was now the grand object of her solicitude; and on this very night she had promised Fernandez that it should be told them. He came in the twilight, held a brief interview with her, and then left her to tell what he felt it impossible for him to make them comprehend.

When Don Albert and his wife returned, they heard all from the lips of the trembling girl. Tenderly as they loved her, they could not give her up to a fate like this. They entreated her not to give him any hope; their decision now could never be reversed. Maraquita yielded to their tears what she could not have done to their commands; but the storm in her soul was no less severe. Her parting with Fernandez the next day was a terrible scene. The sight of his dumb and powerless anguish was more affecting than the most impassioned speech. The only consolation which he could receive, was the solemn assurance of her continued affection.

They parted—Maraquita to go to her lonely room, which no persuasion could induce her to leave, and Fernandez to the country villa where his mother lived in quiet grandeur; for it was not poverty that induced her son to paint, but to fill the time hanging wearily upon a person with his privation,

All the comfort which the mother could impart to his mute agony was given; but the wound was deep and lasting. He had no time, however, to give to grief, for he was summoned to Madrid by Philip II., and appointed painter to the king, with a pension of two hundred ducats. Here he painted the Shepherds Announcing the Birth of our Saviour; and his representation of them was so exquisite, that every one exclaimed, "What beautiful shepherds! This exclamation afterwards became the name of this painting, it being everywhere known as 'The Beautiful Shepherds.'"

Still Maraquita mourned, in almost utter loneliness, the loss of her lover. Still did Donna Catalina cherish bitterness towards her whom she could not acquit of coquetry towards her innocent and unfortunate son. Every one concerned in the affair was unhappy. Don Albert and his wife were miserable, for although Maraquita made no complaint, her pale, thin face was a perpetual reproach; and her refusal to go into company distressed and annoyed them.

Maraquita had heard of the appointment, but she heard also that Fernandez had again left Madrid; she did not know why; but one evening a courier brought her a note from Donna Catalina, couched partly in bitter and partly in humble terms, informing her that her son, "whom her cruelty had nearly destroyed," was lying dangerously ill, and that she must come and look upon the wreck she had made. It closed with a frantic entreaty for her to come immediately. She showed it to her father, and he could not resist the pleading look which she gave him. A few moments later they were on the road with a pair of horses that seemed almost to fly.

The mute appeal of that sorrow-stricken face that lay upon the pillow, almost unmanned Don Albert. He marked the agony of his daughter, and the proud, stately grief of Fernandez's beautiful mother; and he asked himself if he could bestow aught upon either, from his wealth, that could compensate for the anguish of this hour. One word from him would bring back joy to all. Should he speak it? Could he give up his cherished hope of seeing Maraquita the wife of one of the proud Spanish grandees, and allow her to marry

a painter? Yet everything here betokened wealth and the utmost refinement—almost, indeed, to fastidiousness.

He did speak that word. His daughter uttered a glad shriek, Donna Catalina pressed his hand to her heart and wept happy tears, and the mute sufferer himself was not slow to comprehend the general happiness. They were soon united, never more to be separated until death. No cloud ever came over that perfect and enduring love. The noble Spanish wife devoted her time, her talents, and her affections, wholly to him she loved, and almost ceased to regret that she could not hear the voice when the eyes were so eloquent.

Still did his mother's beautiful and noble face look out from his canvas, but Maraquita's, never. It was in his heart too deeply to bring it to the gaze of the world. He kept it there, shrined and holy, within the bosom's innermost depths. It was that mute unexpressed love that needs not speech to declare it—the love of **THE DUMB PAINTER OF LOGRONO.**

BASE BALL.

Fanwood vs. Niagara.

The members of the Fanwood Base Ball Club, belonging to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Washington Heights, N. Y., accepted a challenge from a neighboring club composed of the students of the Fort Washington French Institute. Nothing daunted, the deaf-mutes repaired to the grounds of the said club, on Saturday, the 13th day of April, and soon went to work in right good earnest. A casual observer happening along at the commencement, and eagerly watching the contest, would have instantly considered the mutes no match for the speaking fellows. But as the game progressed, the mute soon proved that he was lord of the play ground. Before the end of the seventh inning, the opposite club acknowledged themselves whipped, and the result of the game may be seen from the fact that the mute had a score of 46 runs to the other club's only 12 runs. The spirited game lasted three and a half hours. The following is the score:

FANWOOD.				NIAGARA.			
PLAYERS.	POSITIONS.	OUTS.	RUNS.	PLAYERS.	POSITIONS.	OUTS.	RUNS.
A. G. Dewland,....	S. S.....	3	5	Ingles,.....	1st B.....	2	2
F. E. Robinson,....	Pit.....	3	5	Messmer,.....	2d B.....	3	2
W. A. Winslow,....	1st B.....	2	5	Hernar,.....	Pit.....	1	1
Peter Witschief,....	2d B.....	1	7	T. Priest,.....	L. F.....	2	3
C. W. Van Tassel,....	3d B.....	1	7	Shumward,.....	3d B.....	3	0
R. E. Bull,.....	R. F.....	0	6	Senarens,.....	Cat.....	1	2
A. S. Gardner,....	C. F.....	4	3	A. Hoegg,.....	S. S.....	2	1
E. McCarthy,.....	L. F.....	2	4	Sayre,.....	C. F.....	2	0
R. Hughes,.....	Cat.....	3	4	E. Giro,.....	R. F.....	2	1
Total,.....		19	46	Total,.....		18	12

Home runs, R. E. Bull, 2; C. W. Van Tassel, 1.

INNINGS.

Fanwood,.....2 1 17 3 3 11 9.....46 runs.
Niagara,.....5 3 1 0 2 1 *

*Surrendered.

UMPIRE—W. Priest of the Niagara B. B. Club.

SCORERS—R. B. Lloyd, and one of the French students.

Time of game, 3 hours and 30 minutes.

DEATHS IN THE OHIO INSTITUTION.—The following is a list of deaths in the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, during the prevalence of the epidemic which broke up the school, March 14th, 1867. Rebecca F. Fryfinger, aged 19, Shanes Crossing, Mercer co., Ohio. March 17, Miss Rosetta A. Shaw, of Kent, Portage co., Ohio, aged 19. March 19, Miss Elizabeth Schorry, of Minerva, Stark co., Ohio, aged 16. March 24, James M. Plant, of Johnsonville, Trumbull co., Ohio. March 28, Wm. J. Lawson, of Pioneer, Williams co., Ohio, aged 20.

The Legislature of Ohio has passed a bill to introduce printing and book-binding as trades, to be taught to the pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.



FARMERS' COLUMN FOR JUNE.

The principal business for this month is tilling corn. A handful of ashes put round the young corn in each hill, at the first hoeing, will make a great difference in the looks of the field. Once when I put ashes on four rows through the field, leaving the rest without, I could distinguish those four rows from a considerable distance. They grew faster, looked more green and flourishing, and stood better.

If your ground is not too strong, a cultivator is better than a plow, as it stirs the ground more in one turn than a plow does in two, and does not heap up the earth so much. The ground between the rows ought to be kept nearly level, and the best of farmers condemn the old practice of hilling up the corn. More hoeing than enough to kill the weeds around the corn is mere waste of labor. The plow or cultivator should be run through the rows about once a week all through this month, and sometimes to the middle of July, unless the corn gets too large before that time.—Early in June, take some cloudy day, especially when a long storm seems to be coming, to set out your cabbages, and give them good ground, well dug or plowed, and well manured, and plenty of room to grow. About two and a half feet apart is none too much. Remember that a cabbage that, by manuring with careful and frequent digging around it, will grow to a large, solid head, will be worth as much as ten cabbages, that by being crowded, or ill manured, or ill tilled, fail to grow heads. If you can't hit on a cloudy time to transplant, or if the sun comes out too soon, stick a shingle in the ground inclining over each cabbage to keep off the sun for 3 or 4 days, watering them also.

The latter part of June is the time to sow the Ruta Baga turnip. This is the best kind of turnip. Some advise to sow them like cabbages, in seed beds, and like them transplanted two or three feet apart. In this way large, fine turnips and great crops have been raised.

In the latter part of June clover is fit to cut. Don't wait till the whole field is dry and brown. The hay will be better and sweeter if cut before half the heads have turned brown. And it should be, when cut, only left in the sun till it is wilted, not dried, and then put into cocks to finish curing.

Some advise, when you shear your sheep early in June, to get some refuse tobacco, or tobacco stalks, boil them, and dip your lambs in the decoction. Tobacco is death to ticks, as to almost all other insects. Destroy caterpillars on your fruit trees.

Protect the little birds on your place; a pair of them in your garden or orchard, besides being a pleasant sight, will prove profitable tenants by destroying thousands of insects.

Carefully watch your bees, and have good clean hives ready to put the swarms in. If left too long waiting, valuable swarms will sometimes fly off into the woods and be lost to you. J. R. B.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who hid in a well to escape capture?
2. What prophet was slain by a lion?
3. Who, through the summer drought, watched over the dead?
4. Who killed a lion in the time of snow?
5. Near what river was a girdle hidden?

We hope some of our readers will brush up their bible knowledge and find out the answers to the above questions and send them to us for publication.

EDITORIAL.



It is especially gratifying to the friends of the Massachusetts movement in behalf of the Deaf and Dumb to see that the subject attracts much attention, and is discussed at large by the papers and magazines, both in Massachusetts and elsewhere.

Much that is written goes far to show that the deaf-mute community and their wants and capabilities are not so well understood as one would suppose, and not a few of the articles written on the subject pre-suppose things which have no existence, while others take impossibilities for granted. Still there are many able writers on all sides of the question, and now that public attention is attracted and interested in the matter, it will not rest satisfied short of a thorough sifting and complete comprehension of it, and the result must naturally be vastly beneficial, both in laying the subject before the public at large and enabling them fairly and fully to understand it; thereby removing prejudices where they exist, and establishing facts when they are needed, and in the changes in the manner of deaf-mute instruction which will inevitably be made, which changes cannot fail more or less to benefit and advance the mute both intellectually and generally.

It is very desirable that there should be but one general system of instruction in all the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb in this country, and that the system adopted should be the one which time and experience, with unmistakable results, shall have proved to be the best. This cannot be done in a day, and years will probably elapse before one system will prevail in all our schools.

Some will follow the old system because they are so wedded to it that, even if they admit it to be susceptible of improvement, they do not like to take the trouble to make those improvements; others because they honestly think the old system the best possible, and still others because the old beaten track is easier to travel, and they like not to risk the bumps and jolts to which pioneers in an undertaking are liable.

Many articles, however absurd or awkward they may appear to one who is well informed in the matter at issue, still bear, broadly engraved upon them, the marks of good faith and honest intentions; while others, abounding in big words, fair speeches, and apparently unanswerable arguments, show the selfishness, wilful blindness, or extreme conservatism of the writers.

A fair, full, and able discussion of all sides of the question might probably be made up from scraps and paragraphs selected by a competent person from the mass of articles which has been published, but we have not yet seen such a desirable end accomplished by any one article yet in print. We look forward to the Report of the Special Committee appointed by the Legislature of Massachusetts in high expectation that it will do justice to all concerned, or, at least, will come nearer to it than any writer yet has done.

The *N. American Review* for April last, devotes some twenty pages to a review of the matter, and we recommend the article to the pe-

rusal of those interested. John Carlin, Esq., of New York, himself a mute, comes out in the *New York Post* in a long letter in favor of teaching deaf-mutes articulation, and appears to have in his own mind not the least doubt that had he, although born deaf and consequently dumb, had the benefits of the German system of instruction, he should now be able to hold forth and communicate his ideas by word of mouth, instead of being confined to motions of fingers, arms, and hands.

No one dare say what might not have been accomplished in this case, and it is equally absurd for any one to say what can or cannot be done in the future.

There is, apparently, no limit to the energy and power of man; there certainly is no limit to his inventions, both for good and evil. Whatever others may think or say, we still hold that while children losing their hearing in childhood should have every effort made to preserve their speech to them, and that this can be done with great and lasting benefit, yet, that to undertake the teaching of articulation to one born deaf, albeit a possible thing, is a waste of time and of no lasting benefit; and furthermore, teaching articulation should be accompanied by instruction in reading on the lips of other persons, this will add vastly to the value of the deed.

The general impression seems to be that Massachusetts will, in establishing a new school for mutes, allow those already at Hartford to finish their course there and confine the experiments of the new system to new pupils.

Of one thing there is no doubt: Massachusetts will not much longer expatriate her mute children even though it cost her more than it does now, which we do not think it will, the assertions of sundry individuals to the contrary, notwithstanding.

We are glad to see, in connection with the subject of new deaf-mute schools, that there is little or no trace of the personal animosity or bitterness which has sometimes characterized the discussion of this same thing in by gone times.

There seems to be a general consent that things be allowed to take their own course, and that the authorities of Massachusetts try such experiments as they may see fit, those who advocate the old system, waiting for the results thereof. This much has been expressed by the representatives of Hartford, and while it may be an unavoidable succumbing to the "march of improvement," still we consider it much the best way and hope that there will be a brotherhood of feeling and unity of effort in behalf of the deaf and dumb on the part of all interested; such a state of feeling cannot fail, whatever direction affairs may take, to result in much good, present and permanent, for the "children of silence."

THE MOVEMENT IN MASSACHUSETTS FOR AN INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES.—REPORT OF THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE OF THE LEGISLATURE.—As we go to press the Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature to whom was referred that portion of the Governor's address concerning the education of the deaf-mute wards of the State, have reported.

They submit two bills, one incorporating an Institution for Deaf-Mutes, to be located at Northampton, with two branch schools in other localities of the state; the other providing for support therein of deaf-mutes between the ages of five and ten years.

The Committee speak in complimentary terms of the Hartford Asylum. We may now look for great improvement in the modes of instruction of deaf-mutes. Whatever Massachusetts undertakes she undertakes thoroughly.

This is but an entering wedge, and in a few years we may expect the education of the deaf-mutes of the State taken charge of solely within her limits. We shall publish the Report in full in our next issue, with the arguments of Messrs. Carlin and Smith before the Committee.

LATER.—The Bill has passed the Senate.

Locals are dull, nothing is stirring at present among the mute Community of Boston and vicinity. As the winter has passed away there is a general falling off from the weekly meetings and the members do not see as much of each other.

There are at present no substitutes for the winter lectures and social assemblies; we have no Rooms to which we can resort in the evenings for reading, conversation or chess, and if we had it is highly probable that most of us would prefer out-door amusements. Several things have been suggested as means to keep up the social feeling in the community, among which are a base-ball club, a boat club, and a chess club; but no decisive movement has as yet been taken in regard to anything.

Our readers will see that New York and Washington have their Base Ball Clubs, and there is no earthly reason why we should not have one here.

There are many members of our community here, who like Ball Boating, Chess and Billiards as well as other people, but who, in the practice or enjoyment of those amusements, would prefer the company of their own class of people.

A very small amount of energy and capital would start and keep in operation two or three clubs which would be a credit to the members and the community. Won't some one do something about it?

We have not hitherto had such good paper as we wished for the GAZETTE, but have made arrangements which we think will ensure an improvement in its quality in future.

We have received a copy of the "Report of the School for the Deaf and Dumb, established at Llandoff, (in Wales, we think,) in 1862, with some account of the mission to the adult deaf and dumb, and the Annual Sermon on behalf of the School."

The report is for the year 1866. The school appears to be a private one, or one to which Mr. and Mrs. Melville, the instructor and matron thereof, devote their whole time and services gratuitously.

The charge for children over 10 years of age is £10, about fifty dollars; for parlor boarders, £20, say \$100.

The report has appended to it a statistical table, showing the number of deaf and dumb in England and Wales, according to the census returns of 1861, of which the following summary may be interesting:

Under 5 years of age.....	556
Aged 5 and under 20.....	5,055
“ 20 “ “ 40.....	3,726
“ 40 “ “ 60.....	2,083
“ 60 “ “ 80.....	759
“ 80 and upwards	57

Total in England and Wales.....12,236
Males, 6,841; Females, 5,395.

It does not appear how many of these are or have been under instruction, but there must necessarily be a large number who never had an opportunity to go to school, and a still larger number who are of the right age to be put under instruction and whose cases demand that something be done in the right direction.

Our readers will find the annual sermon elsewhere in our columns.

For the Gazette

MR. EDITOR: I send you the following extract from a Report or Article, I did not note which, to show what is the present state of opinion and practice in England, on a point that has been agitated in Massachusetts of late—the probability of teaching deaf-mutes to articulate and read on the lips, to such perfection that, as Dr. Howe asserts, as a point on which he had full assurances, they could attend church, and “the more intelligent ones would catch enough of the very words of the preaching to understand his discourse.” I omitted to note the title of the book from which I took it, but it was written

by Mr. David Buxton of Liverpool, among the ablest and most distinguished of the British teachers of deaf-mutes.

“Every Sunday in London, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Sheffield, Halifax, Hull, Ashton, Birmingham, Belfast, Brighton, and here at Liverpool, the adult deaf and dumb are assembled together and religious exercises are conducted in the only mode which enables them to take an intelligent and willing part in it—by their language of signs.”

The reader will bear in mind that articulation and reading on the lips were taught, half a century ago, in all the British schools, and I have understood the London Asylum still professes to teach it or try to teach it to all their pupils. The quoted paragraph shows that, whatever, may have been the results obtained, the British deaf-mutes are not enabled to attend church, and catch enough of the very words of the preacher to “understand his discourse.”

There are in England 11 schools for deaf and dumb, with	1000 pupils
“ “ Scotland 5 “ “ “	240 “ ls.
“ “ Ireland 7 “ “ “	400 “
“ “ Private schools, at least “ “	9 “
In 1861 there were in England & Wales, 12,236 deaf-mutes, 1 in 1640 souls.	
“ “ Scotland, 2,335 “	“ 1311 “
“ “ Ireland, 4,930 “	“ 1176 “
“ “ Smaller British is's, 87 “	“ 1649 “
“ “ City of London 1,819 “	“ 1542 “

In different parts of England the largest proportion of deaf-mutes was in the South-western counties, one deaf-mute to 1,390 souls; the smallest proportion in the Northern counties, one deaf-mute to 1,995 souls.

In England there were found, of deaf-mutes in the liberal professions and arts, “three in the civil service, one conveyancer, 48 artists and engravers, 13 school-masters and teachers, 9 school-mistresses and female teachers.”

Passing the other occupations of the men, and turning to those of the women and girls, it is noticeable there are 475 dress-makers and seamstresses, 281 domestic servants, 128 laundresses, 75 employed in the cotton manufactory, and 47 chorwomen, (women who do *small chores*, as we Yankees phrase it).

Mr. Buxton adds, “67 are returned as wives, and 16 as widows. This I have gathered from the English census returns.”

On which I remark that if there are 12,236 deaf-mutes in England and Wales, I may assume as many as one-fourth, or about 3,000 to be adult females, and it seemed only 83 of these were or had been married. Is not the proportion of deaf-mutes who are married much larger than this in our own country?

And the pamphlet by Mr. Buxton gives a remarkable case of a trial in an English probate court, to test the validity of the last will and testament of Jane Poole, of Ludlow, who was born deaf and dumb, and at the age of sixty became blind; at the age of seventy she wished to make her will, having considerable property.

Mr. Buxton was sent for as an expert. He was able to communicate with her by the manuel (the English, or two-handed) alphabet, to wit, making the letters by joining one of his hands to one of hers. The rector of the parish and his sister were present as witnesses, they being familiar with the mode of conversing with the deaf, as their mother was a deaf and dumb lady, and an old school-mate of Miss Poole. From the evidence presented of Miss Poole's intelligence and ability to make her wishes known, the will was confirmed. Dr. Peet, in his valuable and exhaustive paper on the “Legal Right and Responsibility of the Deaf and Dumb,” cites cases in which the wills of deaf-mutes were contested in the courts, but none in which the testator or testatrix was blind, as well as deaf and dumb.

J. R. B.

PARTICULAR NOTICE. — Subscribers in Canada, the Provinces and other foreign countries must send us twenty-four cents in addition to their subscriptions to enable us to pre-pay the postage on their papers as the law requires us to do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. S. Z. Your item must have been mislaid or overlooked at the time. You will find it in this issue.

A. F. M. We think it is all right now. If not, let us know.

W. W. S. Your poetry wants mending in one or two respects. We will attend to it by and by.

OURIS. Will you forward to us your real name? We have got it mixed up with the rest in Washington, and cannot tell which is yours.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, May 18, 1867.

MR. EDITOR:—If you know of any one who is inclined to think that it is impossible for mutes to enjoy themselves as much as other people, send him on here, and if he does not change his mind after he has seen the students of the National Deaf-mute College, I guarantee that either he or I do not know what enjoyment is. The fact is, I have never seen a collection of young men who, in my opinion, enjoyed life with more genuine heartiness, and were more sensible in their selection of the means of amusement than those collected in the college. There is here, no doubt, less of the deviltry which is usually considered an essential quality of the true student; less of the mischief-loving spirit which delights in the discomfort of others when it creates a good laugh; but the students do not feel the need of such qualities, and, without doubt, their neighbors are thankful that they scarcely exist. Occasionally, some poor horse, caught picking up his living on the public common, is made to pay toll by carrying some equestrian-loving collegian part of the way to the city. Now and then a neighbor misses a few turnips, but these are exceptions, and pardonable exceptions too, for it must be borne in mind that nearly all of the students are from the country and particularly fond of horse-flesh and turnips! And some of these are vegetarians, and as fruit and vegetables are rather scarce here, nobody ought to blame them for stealing a few turnips!

Sometimes the musical taste which Nature places in the bosom of every man bursts the bonds of misfortune and makes itself heard in vain attempts at song, and in hideous howlings, but then, they have no very near neighbors and the professors are the only persons that object. Perhaps they will get used to it sometime! In a word, I am inclined to consider this a model college and the students, model students! They work hard and they play hard. Of course, there are those who do not believe in the couplet:

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;
All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy—"

and show it, either by studying too much or by studying too little, but they are the exception rather than the rule.

I shall divide the amusements into two classes—intellectual and physical, and treat of the intellectual first:

One of the chief of these, employed whiling away the hours of dreary winter, is chess. It is played by nearly all of the students, and there are several fair players, although the game has not made sufficient progress in popularity to warrant the formation of a club. It forms one of the chief in-door amusements during the Christmas holidays.

During a part of the winter and spring President Gallaudet held receptions for the students and others once every week or two. The purpose of the President in holding these receptions was to fulfil more thoroughly the aim of the college which was avowed to be to make its graduates "better men, better citizens, exerting everywhere the influence of educated and well-balanced characters."

The students of other colleges soon make friends and are admitted

to the social circles of the place where their colleges are situated. We cannot tell how much their character is influenced by this intercourse, or how much their future is affected, but we all know it to be for good or for evil, according to the purity of the social atmosphere which surrounds them. Those collected in this college are debarred from the influence of such associations and pleasures, as well by the distance of the city as by their peculiar misfortune. Now, as the young men here are being fitted for a higher sphere in life; as they are being educated to move in circles where their talents will shine forth and be adjudged at their true value, it is of the utmost importance that they should acquire some of that polish which it is so necessary for every man to possess who hopes to do anything in the world; some of that urbanity and self-possession which every man must be master of if he wishes his opinions to be respected by his fellow-men. It has been the aim of President Gallaudet to give the students an opportunity to acquire these qualities at his receptions. He invited young ladies from the city; for it is well known that mutes are as susceptible to the charms of the fair sex as other young men, and in every way strove to make these gatherings as interesting as possible. In his absence Prof. Pratt continues them, and I have certain knowledge that they are productive of the best results, and will long be remembered by the student with pleasure and immeasurable profit.

But the principal source of intellectual amusement is the "Student's Reading Club." Its name is sufficiently indicative of its character. The money required to pay for the papers and periodicals taken by the club is raised by annual dues levied upon the members. Each one of the faculty has shown his appreciation of the designs of the club by donating one or more papers or periodicals, and the President is going to have a room fitted up for its use with all the appointments of a first-class reading room. The GAZETTE occupies a prominent place on its table, and I can say, without any exaggeration, that it is read and re-read by more of the students than any other periodical in the room. Near it lie the *Eclectic*, *Harpers' Good Words*, *Hours at Home*, *The Nation*, *Scientific American*, and many others. From them the students draw nearly all of their knowledge of what is going on in the outside world, and keep themselves well informed of the history of *To-day*.

As for physical amusements, the college boys pride themselves that they are especially favored, considering the disadvantages arising from the recent founding of the college. It has no regular gymnasium yet, although one is to be built in a year or two. A few pieces of gymnastic apparatus have been put up, just enough to get up muscle and drive away sickness; which is about all the boys want while they stay.

Base ball is the rage here, as everywhere else. It is a positive mania. The college nine claim to be the champions of the deaf-mute community, and with considerable justness it must be confessed, when one sees how they play. On Thanksgiving day they played the Unions, a club second, in this city, only to the Nationals, and were beaten by four runs; scoring 23 against 27 in a game of six innings. Last Saturday they had a more successful match with the Actives of Capitol Hill, coming off victorious with a score of 19 runs against 14. The match was a closely contested one, and they found the Actives worthy of their steel. Other matches will take place before long. The college club is a regularly organized one, and is known as the "Columbia Base Ball Club." It has applied for admission to the Association of Base Ball players of the District of Columbia. There is some talk of its making a tour through New England during this summer or next, with what degree of certainty I am unable to say. It has a very good ground near the railroad, and from my win-

dow I can plainly see the path worn by hurrying, agile feet from base to base, forming a beautiful square on the level greensward. There are some of the club practicing just now, and one can see the ball mount swiftly and gracefully up from the bat into the blue ether and settle easily and surely into the hands of the centre-field, as he trips off lightly and takes it on the fly without apparent effort.

Some of your readers may be curious to know how they play. There is no mystery about it. They play just like other clubs, the only difference being in signals. The umpire is provided with a red flag, with which he gives signals for foul balls, etc. The players have a short, expressive language of their own, used chiefly by the catcher and pitcher, by means of which many a daring genius, who did not hug his base close enough, but rested his hopes of safety upon the deafness of the players, has been nipped in the bud. Of course, the eyes do double duty, but then the nine have better eyes than their opponents generally have. So much for base ball, and probably there are many mutes who may not think this enough, to such I would say, wait; you may have more some time.

During the winter months, I doubt not, many of the students from the North, who have been accustomed to exciting out-door sports, would grow disgusted with the insipid, uncongenial winter of Washington, with its slush and mud, were it not for the billiard table. This table has been voted an institution, and is extensively patronized by nearly all connected with the college from President down to janitor. And it has had the best influence, too. You are aware that men, and especially young men, and more especially students, are very fond of the game. It is scientific as well as amusing. Well, this table has done more to keep the students out of the vile saloons of the city than its pockets stuffed full of sermons could possibly have done. It has been patronized by the ladies, and this fact has greatly strengthened its influence and ennobled the game.

To show the value of the trades generally taught in institutions for the deaf and dumb I will mention that the table was built by the students themselves, under the directions of one who owes all his knowledge of carpentering to the master of the plane and chisel in Old Hartford. The material, balls, etc. were furnished by the Institution, and the table answers the requirements of the game nearly as well as one of Phelan's.

I will close this letter by stating the annual examinations are drawing near, and many of the students are "shaking in their shoes" at the prospect, for they are entirely green and have very exaggerated notions of a college examination. There is to be no commencement this year or next as there are no graduating classes. The sophs are elated with the prospect of soon becoming juniors, and the freshmen are talking of stove-pipes and canes!

OUTIS.

NEW YORK, May, 1867.

The Anniversary Exhibition of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb took place at Steinway Hall, on Thursday afternoon, May 19, and was attended by as appreciative an audience as usually is the case on such occasions. Every available space near the stage being occupied, notwithstanding the doubtful state of the weather. At 4 o'clock Rev. Dr. Adams opened the programme with a short and impressive prayer, and after a few remarks Prof. I. L. Peet came forward with two very small children, a boy and girl. After a few exercises in the sign language they were told to write their names on the blackboard, which they did with remarkable promptitude. Then came forward four pupils of the intermediate class, two boys and two girls, who acquitted themselves well.

The high class, which next came in the role, was represented

in the persons of two young ladies and the same number of gentlemen. The names of the young ladies were Misses Churchill and Vandewater; those of the gentlemen were A. G. Dewland and Mr. Lloyd, all of whom highly delighted the assemblage by their correct answers to the questions advanced, by their accomplished way in treating of the subjects allotted to them, showing in themselves what a good education and proper cultivation could do. During these exercises several specimens of the sign language were recited by one or more of the pupils present, and in some instances, several were made to recite a poem or other theme, all at once, and the graceful manner in which they did it elicited much applause from all present. A young boy gave some exercises in the facial and *armal* alphabet, and in various other ways. All the young ladies present were dressed in white and presented quite a lovely picture to a casual observer. A repetition of the Lord's prayer in signs by a sweet little girl closed the programme which was every way a *recherche* affair.

On Sunday afternoon, May 12th, St. Ann's church was crowded to overflowing to witness the confirmation of some sixty members of the church. Bishop Potter officiated, assisted by the Rector, Dr. Gallaudet, the latter in behalf of the mutes. The day was fine, and the ceremonies were conducted with entire harmony and concord, and was especially so to us, as there were nine members of our fraternity among the candidates. The Institution at Fanwood was represented by four persons, and the indefatigable Vice Principal with his wife and two other lady teachers were among the congregation present on this occasion.

NEMO.

NOTICE.

The second biennial convention of the Empire-State Association of deaf-mutes will be held at the N. Y. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Fanwood, on Washington Heights, on the 28th and 29th of August, 1867.

The occasion will fortunately coincide with the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the Institution, and also with a parting presentation to the venerable Harvey P. Peet, LL. D., who will soon release himself from the responsible duties of its principal on account of advanced age.

An oration will be delivered by Mr. W. W. Angus, of Indianapolis, Ind., and addresses by other gentlemen, both deaf and hearing.

On the third day, August 30th, service will be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and other clergymen, at 12 o'clock, in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes, on 18th Street, near Fifth Avenue, to be followed by a collation in the basement of the church.

The board of directors of the Institution will be happy to entertain as many graduates of the Institution and members of the Association as the spacious building will accommodate.

No efforts will be spared to procure free return-tickets for those attending the convention, both by railroad and steamboat in New York State. The following committee of arrangements, M. D. Bartlett, of Brooklyn; N. M. Duncan, and D. R. Tillinghast, of N. Y., will make every effort for the comfort and convenience of all those attending the convention.

The above mentioned gentlemen are also a committee to circulate the subscription for Dr. H. P. Peet's present. Mr. Bartlett is chairman of the committee, and to him funds can now be remitted, by mail, or otherwise, directed, Box 91, Brooklyn, N. Y. The committee will be glad to receive the funds as early as possible, to enable them to pre-estimate the value of the proposed present.

It is desirable that Dr. Peet should be the recipient of a gift

which he shall prize during his declining years, and which, when he shall have been gathered to his father's, shall remain to his descendants as a memento of his long-continued and effective labors in the cause of deaf-mute education.

A general invitation is extended to all the friends of Dr. Peet, and of the association, to participate in the exercises of the coming celebration and presentation.

JOHN WITSCHIEF, President.

H. C. RIDER, Secretary.

ANNUAL SERMON

DELIVERED IN BEHALF OF THE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, IN
LLANDAFF, WALES.

"He hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak."—*Mark vii. 37.*

"HE!" Christ, the God-man! He who on earth went about doing good! "He," who for us and our salvation suffered death upon the cross! Yes! It is of Him the inspired Evangelist writes, "He hath done all things well."

And how admirably, beloved brethren, have the compilers of our glorious liturgy caught the very spirit of the gospel narrative of the Redeemer's life! For, to what purposes did Christ do all things well? Listen, for instance, to the words of the collect for the second Sunday after Easter:—"Almighty God, who hast given Thine only Son to be unto us both a sacrifice for sin, and also an example of godly life; give us grace that we may always most thankfully receive that His inestimable benefit, and also daily endeavor ourselves to follow the blessed steps of His most holy life." Christ, our One sacrifice, is equally Christ, our great Example.

Suffer me to ask you at the very outset, seriously and solemnly, each one to put this question to your own selves,—Do I daily think of the blessed Saviour as my Example? It is so natural that we should be under the temptation of almost exclusively contemplating Christ Jesus, even as His very name indicates, as our "Anointed Saviour." We who feel, in greater or less degree, our vileness by nature, our utter hopelessness of eternal happiness, except through the death, the sufferings, the sacrifice of our adorable Redeemer, may well be often contemplating that awful event, when with loud voice the cry went up to heaven,—"*It is finished!*" Yes, and we may well carry our thoughts onwards, with righteous joy, to the fulfilment of David's prophetic words, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption. Thou wilt show me the path of life." In other words,—After the blessed Jesus had suffered all on earth, and had descended into Hades, God the Father testified His full acceptance of the priceless ransom, by showing Him the path of life; the path, that is, of resurrection of the soul from the separate place of departed spirits; the path of the resurrection of the body from the grave; the path of the ascension of the united, the spiritual and glorious body, upwards of the highest heavens. But when we have passed all this in review, my brethren, is it not possible that something may yet be wanting? Oh, the selfishness of the human heart! Our own salvation! Our escape from hell! Our attainment of heaven! These are indeed of utterly unspeakable importance to us; but the lesson of our Lord still remains; and he who would pray aright, he who would have right thoughts of God, he who would live aright, must imbibe the very spirit of that prayer, which is surely the reflex of the innermost recesses of the holy heart of the blessed Jesus; he must put first and foremost the honour of God, Even before our personal salvation, we must say "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name." Nor must we even then approach that Father with our individual wants, until a second time we have shown that God's glory is first in

our esteem: "Thy kingdom come." For what is the honour of a king, save in the full possession of his kingdom? Nay, even yet, when that which might be thought to be the filling up the cup of honour to the brim has thus been asked, still once again the thoughts of the creature must be centered on his God. "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

Is it thus, my beloved brethren, with us? Do we put the honour of God, and the doing of His holy will, first in all our prayers, according to the model of our Lord? Do we consider Christ as our Example, as much, as deeply, and as often, as we contemplate Him as our Saviour? If not, our Christianity is defective; our Church's teaching has failed to reach our hearts.

Look at the text. "He hath done all things well." *All things!* Those which were foremost in the minds of the Galileans at the period of the occurrence now before our notice, were that He had given *hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb.* He had done His marvellous works of mercy among them. Now, it is not to be supposed for a moment that physicians were unknown among the Jews at and before our Saviour's time; that many sick and afflicted had not been greatly relieved, and indeed cured, by the skill and knowledge of the professors of the healing art; but in their hands the process was more or less slow, and not seldom utterly unavailing. We see that in the case of the woman who in faith touched the hem of Christ's garment; she had spent all her living on physicians, and was not healed. But what if she had had less means, or no means at all, of employing physicians? Possibly she might have borne her load of suffering in hopeless poverty, and died at length of the disease. Well then might the people be "beyond measure astonished"! Christ's was no slow, lingering process. He looked up to heaven, as we should do, as the first step in all our undertakings, even of piety and charity. He looked up to Him who had witnessed of Him, "This is my beloved Son!" He spake the word, and "straightway" the cure was complete. Nor did He, who thus was always going about doing good, wait to consider the condition of the suppliant. Be he rich or be he poor; be he young or be he old; if he sought the Saviour, and had faith to believe, that suppliant never went empty away. Oh, the depth of the love of our Divine Example!

The days of miracles, such as those of our blessed Saviour, are not for us, my brethren. But Christ's example will remain for His people to the very end of time. It is one of the glories of our land, that so many noble institutions stand forth to help those who, though poor in this world's goods, are evidently in their youth gifted by God with intellects which only need the requisite training, to fit them to climb to the topmost heights of human ambition, the posts of highest honour, and highest responsibilities; the positions which may enable them to be emphatically benefactors of their species. How many a child of human life, thus eminently gifted, has by our schools and colleges been trained to such honourable destiny! But it would be a blot upon our country, it would leave a vacuum in our benevolent institutions, if those less endowed were left uncared for. For which of her children, taken by death from her loving embrace, weeps most the mother? Is it not for the puny, the sickly, the one that most needed tender, gentle care? And should we not thus look upon those who are the objects sought to be benefited by the benevolent and Christian institution, whose anniversary we celebrate to-day? Oh, brethren, it is not enough that we confess our sins generally. It is not enough that we ask vaguely God's blessing on us day by day. If we would not only walk the Christian life, but also make daily progress in it, we must go into particulars. In our self

examination, before we go to rest, we must not be content to sum up all in one general sentence,—Have we followed Christ to-day? But we must go into detail. Did I in this or that conversation with my friend, in my business transaction, in the motive which I brought to bear on the chief project of the day, did I in each of these copy Christ? Did I ever think that He lived on earth on purpose to be my example in everything? And did I try to copy Him? And if it should be so with the Christian's inner spiritual life, ought it to be less so in his outer walk through the world? Did Christ, for instance, care for the deaf and dumb? He did so. Have I the means of caring for them too? Then I must do as Jesus, my Example, did. For, let us remember, they are all the creatures of God's hand; all are cared for by Him; and whatsoever is dear to our heavenly Father should be dear to us, His children. Would any desire to search into the merciful and tender character of God, let him meditate carefully the provisions of that marvellous code of Justice and mercy, the Law as given by Moses. Look at the 19th Chapter of Leviticus. See first how it opens:—"Speak unto the children of Israel, Ye shall be holy:" and then look at the several developments of that principle in the various particulars of a holy life, as contained in the verses which succeed. Among them you will find this merciful command, "Thou shalt not curse the deaf," "but shalt fear thy God: I am the Lord." As if God had said, I place man on earth in a state of probation, to try and to prove him. The deafness of one is often a trial to another; but that other should not curse him. If thou shouldst curse him, fear then my displeasure, which is not to be trifled with; for I am the Almighty Lord. And is not the converse of anything forbidden or commanded in the Bible, equally true with the original statement? So if thy negative duty is not to curse the deaf, surely thy positive duty must be to bless him. And did not God's Holy Son exactly follow out this duty? We never read of Him cursing any one, still less any afflicted one, But Christ was not content with negative duty. "He hath *done* all things well; and Christ is our Example. Are we walking in His holy steps?

But, brethren, acts of mercy will not save us. God forbid that I should seem to enforce this duty upon you, the duty of caring for the deaf and dumb, as if it would minister to our eternal salvation.

Yet still the duty in its fullest force remains. Are you children of God? Is your faith reposed in Christ, and Christ alone? Then, "every good tree bringeth forth good fruit." "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show you my faith by my works." "The body without the spirit is dead; so faith without works is dead also." Now, to whom did Christ come when He descended from heaven to earth? Was it not to them who were helpless, hopeless in themselves? Does He not say, by Isaiah the prophet, "I looked and there was none to help," "therefore mine own arm brought salvation"? Oh, how true the statement of the tender, loving Jesus, "In all their affliction he was afflicted." And is not this, to us, the hopeless, helpless condition of those, so sorely deprived, for whom I plead this day? Shall I describe that helplessness by a single example? In one of the large Sunday-Schools in the North of England, a superintendent, who had not occupied the post sufficiently long to enable him to know every child by name, was passing through the classes one morning, when he observed a little boy apparently inattentive to the teacher, and disposed to look about him for amusement. He held up his finger in token of disapproval, though in a gentle and loving way. Instantly the change upon the countenance of the little one was absolutely distressing. It seemed to imply fear of personal chastisement; (which, however, in that school was not permitted;) it might include perplexity from being misunderstood

and sorrow at having incurred the displeasure of another. The change of expression from childish innocence to almost childish agony was so remarkable and so utterly uncalled for by anything on the part of the superintendent, that he appealed at once to the teacher for an explanation. The answer was simply, "SIR, HE IS DEAF AND DUMB." Instantly the smile of encouragement was on the superintendent's face; and, as instantly, the beam of delight was visible upon the face of the boy. How that incident ripened into clinging affection on the part of the child, and how that superintendent snatched every available five minutes for many months after to teach the appropriate alphabet, and to convey instruction; how they sat side by side in church until the time came that he was admitted into an institution like your own; and how the smile of recognition has since passed between them, now that the youth is employed learning a trade would take longer to tell than I can rightly detain you. But the joy of doing good, my brethren, would you know its inexpressible sweetness? Then imitate that superintendent, and help us in the noble and glorious work we have in hand. Evidence your love to God, your faith in Christ, by this among your other works. "*Feed His lambs.*" Aid us with your influence, your prayers, and your money, to enable these afflicted ones to earn their "*daily bread*," and, above all, to teach them to "search the Scriptures" for themselves; for the Scriptures, with the teaching of the Holy Spirit, "are able to make them wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

One word more and I have done. Jesus did all things well His works were perfect. There was no half-heartedness in Him, no sparing of toil and labour; "He went about." Foxes had holes, birds of the air nests. He had not where to lay His holy head. His was no idle life. "He went about doing good," good to the bodies and to the souls of sinners. He,—again I urge it upon you, my beloved brethren,—He was our Example. Care you then for the DEAF AND DUMB as Christ our Lord did. Give us efficient help, even as Christ's work was ever perfectly done. Copy His holy industry, by giving us stated, persevering, continuous help. When you have done all you can, you will be far behind what Christ could do. The "DEAF" will not actually in their organs of hearing, hear; nor will the "DUMB" with their organs of speech, speak; but their minds will, by God's blessing, be reached. You will have done all that is in your power, and, therefore, all that God requires of any of us. You will have opened up stores of knowledge and of pure enjoyment to those who otherwise would have been excluded from both. God will approve your love to them, shown to them for His sake; yea, that high approval of the blessed Jesus, which He once bestowed on a loving, grateful woman, will equally be yours, "She hath done what she could." Go then and copy Jesus; and in your measure, and according to your ability, be it your aim to follow the example of Him of whom I have this day been telling,—"*He hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.*"—Amen.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Prof. Thos. J. Trist, of the Penn. Institution, delivered, on the 26th of April, and the 9th of May, before the "Deaf Mute Literary Association of Philadelphia," an interesting and brilliant lecture on "The Life and Times of William Shakspeare." His remarks on the great writer and his works showed much research and thought, and the lecture was enlivened by sundry traditions in regard to the truth of which much difference of opinion has been expressed.

In Vassalboro', Maine, a few weeks ago, a young man was chasing a base ball with an open knife in his hand, when a comrade ran against him and drove the knife-blade into his heart, killing him instantly. The unfortunate man was named John Dunham, and his comrade was Mr. Emerson, of China, Me., a semi-mute.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.
REMARKABLE EXERCISES.

Steinway Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity yesterday afternoon with the friends of this noble State Institution, who had assembled for the purpose of witnessing the Fiftieth Anniversary exercises of the school. Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D., in the absence of the President, occupied the chair.

At the close of the introductory exercises, the Treasurer of the Institution read an abstract of the proceedings of the school during the past year, from which it appears that the number of pupils in the Institution at the close of the year 1865 was 406, viz: 235 males and 171 females; there have been admitted during the year just closed 20 males and 23 females (73)—making the whole number 479. Of these there have left the Institution during 1866, including 7 deaths, 45, viz: 22 males and 23 females; leaving on December 31, 1866, 434, viz: 263 males and 171 females. The financial affairs of the Institution are at present in a somewhat unsatisfactory condition, the report of the Treasurer showing a deficiency for the year of \$15,516.20. This is attributable—1st, to the advance of some articles of food—the cost per capita for groceries and provisions being for 1866 \$100.70, against \$84.07 in 1864, and also to a considerable amount of extra charges, growing out of changes necessary to the improvement of the sanitary condition of the building.

The report of the Principal shows that of the 434 pupils now on the catalogue, 392 are from the State of New York, 25 from the State of New Jersey, 14 from other States, 1 from Canada East, 1 from Mexico, and 1 from Yucatan. Of the 392 from the State of New York, 281, over 12 years of age, are beneficiaries of the State of New York, 92 destitute children, between the ages of 6 and 12, are supported by the counties, 1 is maintained by the institution, and the expenses of the remaining 19 are defrayed by their friends. Of the others, 21 are beneficiaries of the State of New Jersey, and the remaining 21 are supported by their friends. During the year, there were 3 cases of accidental death among the pupils, the first case being that of a lad named Norman Ambrose, aged 16, a native of Albany, who was killed in March last on the Hudson River Railroad track. The second case was that of Daniel Ohl, a lad of nine years, who, in attempting to slide down the balustrade of the stairs leading from his dormitory, lost control of his movements, and falling over, received injuries from which he soon after died. The third case was that of Jack Obril, a little Indian boy who in going into the kitchen one morning, came in sudden contact with a kitchen maid who was in the act of lifting a coffee-boiler from the range; the boiling fluid was thus precipitated upon him, scalding him so severely that he died soon after, in the greatest agony. The total number of deaths which occurred during the year was six. The total number of pupils admitted into this institution from its commencement has been 2,004; the total number of persons who have served as teachers, 83, of whom, 30 were educated deaf-mutes, 19 males and 11 females.

THE EXERCISES.

At the conclusion of the reading of the Report, the Vice Principal of the Institution, I. L. Peet, was introduced, who, before presenting any of his pupils, made a brief address, in which he stated that the system adopted by the Institution, for the mental development of its pupils, is that of the language of signs, which system he claimed to be far preferable to the system of articulation, the latter being unnatural, and under the most favorable circumstances acquired painfully and reluctantly. Mn. Peet brought forward two pupils, a boy and a girl, of apparently about five years of age, the former having been connected with the institution about two and a half weeks, and the latter ten months. As an illustration of the facility with which the deaf and dumb acquire the "sign" method of instruction, the teacher made a number of motions of limbs and body, in the presence of the girl, indicative of various animals and objects, which the child appeared to instantly comprehend, smiling when certain animals, as the monkey, hog, donkey, etc., were indicated. The boy, who, of course, is farther advanced in learning than his companion, was next requested, by means of the digital alphabet, to give his own name and that of his teacher, and also to spell on the fingers a number of short names of familiar objects, which were given with a readiness and correctness truly surprising. The youth was next con-

ducted to a large black-board, where he was instructed to write a number of sentences which was done with a degree of rapidity and correctness which elicited the vigorous applause of the audience. The teacher next introduced four other pupils of an average age of about eight years, whom he stated had been connected with the Institution for five months. The exercises by these pupils consisted mainly of exercises upon the black-board. The teacher first made a sign with his arms and hands, indicative of some object, as, for instance, a gun, which was indicated by the teacher placing himself in a position one would assume while in the act of discharging that weapon, which motions being interpreted by the pupils, the names of the object indicated would immediately be written upon the board. The teacher next requested the pupils to write a sentence containing the verb "throw," which was responded to by the pupils as follows: A man throws an apple; also a sentence containing the word "eats," which elicited from the children the sentence, "A girl eats a yellow pear." The method adopted by the teacher in these exercises to express his wishes to the pupils, was by signs alone, and not by the use of the fingers, as for instance, when he requested the pupils to write the sentence, "A man throws an apple," he indicated an apple, and also the act of throwing. At the conclusion of these exercises, a young man, one of the most advanced members of the school, was introduced, who gave a number of very interesting exercises, including the spelling of words by facial expressions indicative of the first letter of the names of the various emotions. For instance, the word "rage" was given him, which he proceeded to spell in the following manner: An expression of contempt was indicated by the letter C; of anger, A; envy, E. This pupil alone gave an illustration of a new system of spelling—known as the arm movement—which system originated in this Institution. At the conclusion of these exercises a number of adult pupils, representing the most advanced class in the School, were introduced. These pupils were first instructed to write upon the board a sentence, embodying the name and age of the Institution, followed by the request that the pupils expatiate upon the subject. Essays of a very creditable character were thereupon written out by the pupils, the following being in substance the production of one of the misses: "Years have dropped from the glass of time since first this noble institution was founded, but within this comparatively short period of time what important and numerous changes have been effected. Within the past four years the most gigantic, as well as the most unjustifiable rebellion which the world ever saw, has been fought; drenching the fair fields of the South with the blood of our noblest citizens. Another mighty achievement of the immediate past has been the laying of the Atlantic Cable, whereby two of the mightiest nations upon the face of the globe have been united. In this connection I will add that it is a source of much pleasure to know that the prime mover in this great enterprise is an American citizen—Cyrus W. Field, one of America's noblest sons, whose name will be remembered long after his body has mouldered in the dust."

A number of other interesting exercises of a character similar to those narrated above, were also gone through with, at the conclusion of which the Doxology was sung, after which the audience dispersed. —*New York Sun, May 10th.*

Our community has been bereaved during the past few days, of one of the most esteemed of its citizens. Mr. John W. Newcomb, a man whose singular amiability all recognized, and whose many good qualities endeared him to a large circle of friends, has been suddenly removed from our midst. Appointed all through life, to the sad and trying deprivation of speech and hearing, he was yet, one of the most patient, kindly, and industrious of men. During many years he has been in the employ of the Boston & Sandwich Glass Co, and it was a very touching, and tender tribute to their regard for his life and memory, that his fellow-workmen attended his funeral Tuesday afternoon in a body.

His deeply afflicted family, and all the large circle of those whom his death has rendered so sad, have the sincerest sympathy of the community in which he so long lived, and which will always cherish a pleasant remembrance of his useful and honored life. T. W. B.

Cape Cod Gazette.

LOCATION OF THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND INSTITUTION—SUMMARY OF PROCEEDINGS.

The Commissioners of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution organized and placed themselves in working order in the month of April, 1866. They immediately advertised for proposals in thirteen different papers published within seventy-five miles of the city of San Francisco, and in two daily papers in San Francisco, for a new site for the Institution. In response there were more than forty propositions received, most of them in writing.

In the month of May they began to visit the various sites proposed; and continued these visits at their convenience till the close of the year 1866. All of the proposed sites, deemed by them to be at all eligible, were thus visited; some of them several times, and all of them were fairly considered with reference to the advantages they offered, of all kinds; and with reference to the requirements of the law appointing the commission. They found several of the sites proposed very good ones, but none of them perfect ones.

Next, after looking for a site in conformity with the letter and spirit of the statute under which they were acting, the Commissioners were nearly unanimous in the opinion that the location should not be in the heart of a city, nor yet in the heart of the country, but rather in a suburban region, within reach of the social and economical conveniences of a well-established community. They believed, also, that the site to be selected should be, if possible, in the vicinity of other public educational institutions and in the midst of a population likely to appreciate and cherish this institution.

It was further agreed that the supply of water for the institution should be abundant, from good natural springs on the premises, and wholly controlled by the officers of the institution, rather than from reservoirs, wells, or other sources liable to be claimed, controlled or injured by the action of other parties.

It was likewise deemed an advantage very desirable if the Institution could be permanently located where the natural scenery was beautiful; where the view from it would be wide, commanding land and water, mountain and plain, city and country; and where its edifices could themselves be seen from a distance, and by the largest number of the travelling public.

It was furthermore the conviction of the Commissioners that the difference of a few thousands of dollars between the cost of a site combining all these advantages and the price of an inferior location, procurable for a less sum of money, was a matter of small moment, and one that ought not be a barrier to their proceedings.

The Commissioners have, therefore, agreed (with the concurrence of the Board of Directors, by the statute associated with them in the choice of a new location) to purchase of John Kearney a part of Tract 78, according to Kellisberger's survey and map, in the township of Oakland, Alameda county, California, about 4 1-2 miles north of the city of Oakland. The portion of the tract contracted for contains 90 acres of hill land and 40 acres of level land, and the price to be paid is, in all, \$12,100 in gold coin. The land is to be conveyed to the State in fee-simple, with perfect title and such sufficient guarantees as shall meet the approval of the Attorney-General of the State.

The situation chosen is healthy, airy and pleasant, and, at the present time, accessible, within five miles, by railway and steamboat. A railway is shortly to be constructed that will reach within one mile of it. It is distant from the city of San Francisco not far from 12 miles.

The land has a natural, easy and unobstructed drainage, and an abundant supply of good, soft water, from natural springs on the premises, the sources being at such a height as to be capable of raising the water, by natural pressure, into the buildings to be erected, and to convey it, for irrigation, over 40 acres of land, fertile and easily cultivated.

The climate of the region in which the location is made is as fine as any within 75 miles of the city of San Francisco; the natural scenery of the vicinity is good; and the general view is not surpassed by any in the State. The elevation of the lower portion of the tract is about 300 feet above the bay, and that of the upper portion about 600 feet; and all of the surroundings are of the general character before mentioned, and are very desirable.

A part of the land is already under fence, a small orchard is growing, and there is a good barn on the premises. The Commissioners propose to complete the fencing, to build out-houses and workshops, and a main edifice for the Institution. The principal structure is designed to be of stone, large enough to accommodate 100 pupils and their instructors and guardians, the materials for which can be procured from Yerba Buena island, or some nearer quarry, if not from quarries to be opened on the hill lands of the Institution.—*California Paper.*

TELEGRAPHIC ALPHABET FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

The manual and brachial alphabets used by the deaf and dumb, may, indeed, be called telegraphic, as they both serve the purpose of exchanging words rapidly at some distance. The latter especially, the letters of which are formed by positions of the arms, instead of the fingers, has been used, to exchange words across a river a full mile wide, with the help of a pocket glass. But the telegraphic alphabet now in question is on entirely different principles. It is called telegraphic, because it takes the succession of lines and dots which form the letters of the alphabet used for the electric telegraph, and imitates them by a succession of beats on a drum.

It has been found that all the deaf and dumb, even the most profoundly deaf, are sensible to the beat of a drum at some distance.

The sound or vibration shakes through the ground, or through the floor, and communicates each beat distinctly through the ordinary means of feeling. In this way, a drummer familiar with the letters of this alphabet, having before him a class of deaf-mutes who are also familiar with it, can beat into them speedily and infallibly any given word or sentence, and, that as well if they all look the other way, so if all be blindfolded; as well in total darkness as by daylight.

This is one of the many devices of the accomplished Vice Principal of the New York Institution, Prof. I. L. Peet. It forms the only conceivable mode in which orders or communication can be passed to a class or company of deaf-mutes in the dark, without touching them.

I believe that, when, during the height of the war fever four or five years ago, the pupils of the New York Institution organized a home guard, and trained regularly in military tactics, the drum was used to give orders to the whole company. At any rate it might well have been. A deaf-mute regiment might be commanded and maneuvered by night by this means.

J. R. B.

A SINGULAR BEING.

BY AN OLD TRAVELER.

In my note-book I find an account of a most singular being, who died in the work-house at Portland, Maine, in 1844, in about the seventieth year of his age.

He was deaf, dumb and blind, and for more than thirty-nine years had been confined in the cells of the house; and during this length of time had no communication with a single individual, and lived more like a beast than a human being.

He slept on nothing but hard boards, and wore only a shirt and pantaloons. His food was daily handed him, when he would rise, take it, and then return to his board, where he lay curled up till another meal was brought in. In this manner had he lived, occupying but two cells—one in the cellar, in winter, and another in an out-house, in summer, for this long period. How it was possible for human nature to sustain what this man endured for forty years we cannot conceive. Previously to his confinement in the poor-house, he was for five years an inmate of the county jail. It was said that he was bright and active when a child, but severe sickness destroyed his speech and hearing. Possessing a violent temper, and depraved withal, he committed various crimes, which induced his friends to confine him. He once set fire to his father's house. When taken to jail his anger was so immense that he *tore out his eyes with his own hands*, and thus, for forty years, was deaf, dumb and blind. It is uncertain whether he retained his faculties long after this. If he did, he had not made it manifest. After nearly half a century of suffering the miserable creature died in 1844.

In the GAZETTE for January there was an article headed, "Rowing Against Wind and Tide," which was evidently only an extract from a longer article. We find the story and its continuation in the "Report of the School for the Deaf and Dumb at Llandaff," under the head of "The Silent School;" written by Mrs. Howitt, who, in company with Miss Bremer, visited the school to which reference is made in the article in the January GAZETTE, and we give it below for the benefit of all concerned. [Ed.]

THE SILENT SCHOOL.

It was here, therefore, that we were now going.

Turning into a country by-road, just at the outskirts of the town, we soon reached a gate in a wooden fence, over which was painted "Lovisaberg," such being the appellation of the Deaf and Dumb School, and so called from the queen, who is not only friendly to it, but who has placed a child there.

The house, standing on a little lawn, with farm buildings on one side, is built of wood, and painted red. The front door stood wide open, and led into a passage or lobby, the walls of which were painted to represent the trees and shrubs of a conservatory, with surrounding landscape. We opened the door of one of the rooms, for Miss Bremer is evidently well acquainted with the topography of the house, and found ourselves in a warm, sunny school-room, looking into a wide field, which had probably grown potatoes, and to a pleasant country beyond. The cloth was laid for the dinner of about twelve children who were assembled there. They made many peculiar articulations of pleasure, whereupon poor deformed Mamsell Berglind appeared from the inner room, her face radiant with joy and kindly benevolence. She seemed to me to have a halo of goodness around her.

After a very cordial welcome, she and Miss Bremer retired to the adjoining room which she had left, her sitting and bedroom combined, I preferring to remain with the young teacher, the only assistant at this moment, and whom I knew to be kind-hearted, and warmly interested in the school. Born dumb, he has now, in a measure, acquired the use of speech. He talks somewhat indistinctly, it is true, but still marvellously well for one in his condition, and we were quite able to carry on a conversation.

The ability displayed by this young man reminds me of a deaf person whom I have seen in Stockholm. Although stone-deaf, he is able to converse with any one, in their usual tone of voice, simply by watching the movement of their lips.

The young teacher assisted me in amusing the children; indeed I should have managed very indifferently without him. I had brought with me some of Hulda's cuttings as a little present, and these gave infinite delight. They cackled and clapped their arms for wings, as they saw one group, that of an old woman feeding poultry.

We had also brought a number of little coloured picture-cards, which have been adopted here, together with many translations of English tracts, by the Swedish Tract Society, none being more popular than those of the Rev. Newman Hall.

The cards were distributed amongst the children, two boys and the rest girls, all boarders, the day-pupils not attending on Sundays. It seemed a perfect insult to the children to call them deaf and dumb, for every action and movement spoke. I watched them conversing with each other on the varied subjects of the little picture cards.

Miss Bremer now reappeared, and asking for a few empty plates poured out from her wonderful bag a quantity of Danske karameller and gingerbread nuts, with which childish delights she is supplied by an old woman at the end of Drottninggatan. On this there was a very natural outburst of joy, which the children knew no better way of expressing than by spontaneously shaking hands.

It was altogether one of the happiest scenes I ever witnessed, and one of the most interesting. I shall anticipate going there again with much pleasure.

Mamsell Berglind gives her present teacher an excellent character for his unswerving goodness and patience; as a proof of which, she says he is never tired of telling the children long stories on his fingers.

On our way home I learned that this school was in great distress during the last winter, which so troubled Miss Bremer, that she

addressed a letter to the "Talking children of Sweden, on behalf of the Silent School."

The answer was money, sent by children, from the length and breadth of Sweden, an answer which entirely removed the difficulties under which it was then struggling. May the school go on and prosper!

I have since learned that the Diet has made a grant for three years to the Silent School.—*Our Own Fireside.*



"How sad is their state, and how chequered with pain,
Who seek through the ear for instruction in vain;
Whose tongues, notwithstanding the wish of the heart,
To their neighbors cannot their feelings impart.

Let Christians possessing both hearing and speech
Do all that they can the great evil to reach;
And lessen the sorrow, and aim at the cure,
Or, at least, the improvement of those who endure.

To help them to labor, and lend them that aid,
By which their sad lives of some use may be made,
Is conduct all Christians should love to display,
And conduct some Christians are showing to-day.

Then join them, and give of your substance and prayers,
To add to their cash and diminish their cares;
And show their sad souls, while in patience they live,
What strong consolation the Bible can give.

And when he shall mount to the mansions on high,
What joy to behold them with Christ in the sky;
And own, while their flight on His errands they wing,
That the deaf can all hear, and the dumb can all sing.

Oh, what will the silver, and what will the gold
Be thought of when such a bright scene shall unfold?
As nothing! Then ere to those mansions ye go,
That silver and gold on the needy bestow."

J. PAYNE, Q. C.



Aug. 16, 1865, Mr. Conrad S. Zorbaugh, (Ohio Inst.) to Miss Sue McClure. (Iowa Inst.) Residence, Iowa City, Iowa.

In Livemore, Maine, May 5, 1867, Mr. Geo. L. Riggs to Miss Maggie A. Allen, both of Turner, Me. and graduates of Am. Asylum.

In East Montpelier, Vt., March 20th, 1867, Mr. Alba S. Brown, to Miss Ada L. Town, only daughter of Dr. Geo. M. Town, both of East Montpelier, and graduates of Am. Asylum.

In Boston, Mass., March 26th, 1867, Mr. Adam Acheson, of West Randolph, Mass., to Miss Kate B., oldest daughter of Mr. Jonathan P. Marsh, of Boston. Residence, West Randolph, Mass. Miss Marsh is a graduate of the Am. Asylum, and Mr. Acheson, although never having attended school at an Institution, is fully up to the deaf-mute average of intelligence.

In Findley, Ohio, Jan. 12th, 1865, Mr. Elisha Marvin to Miss Geneva Wheeler; both graduates of Ohio Inst.



In Sandwich, Mass., April 12, 1867, Mr. John W. Nowcomb, (Am. Asylum) aged 59 years, 8 months.

DR. CLARK has returned from his tour West and has taken rooms at Rooms at 140 Court Street, Room 5, where he will be happy to receive friends. DR. CLARK gives correct Phrenological examinations, also, advice to mothers as to the physical and moral training of their children.